



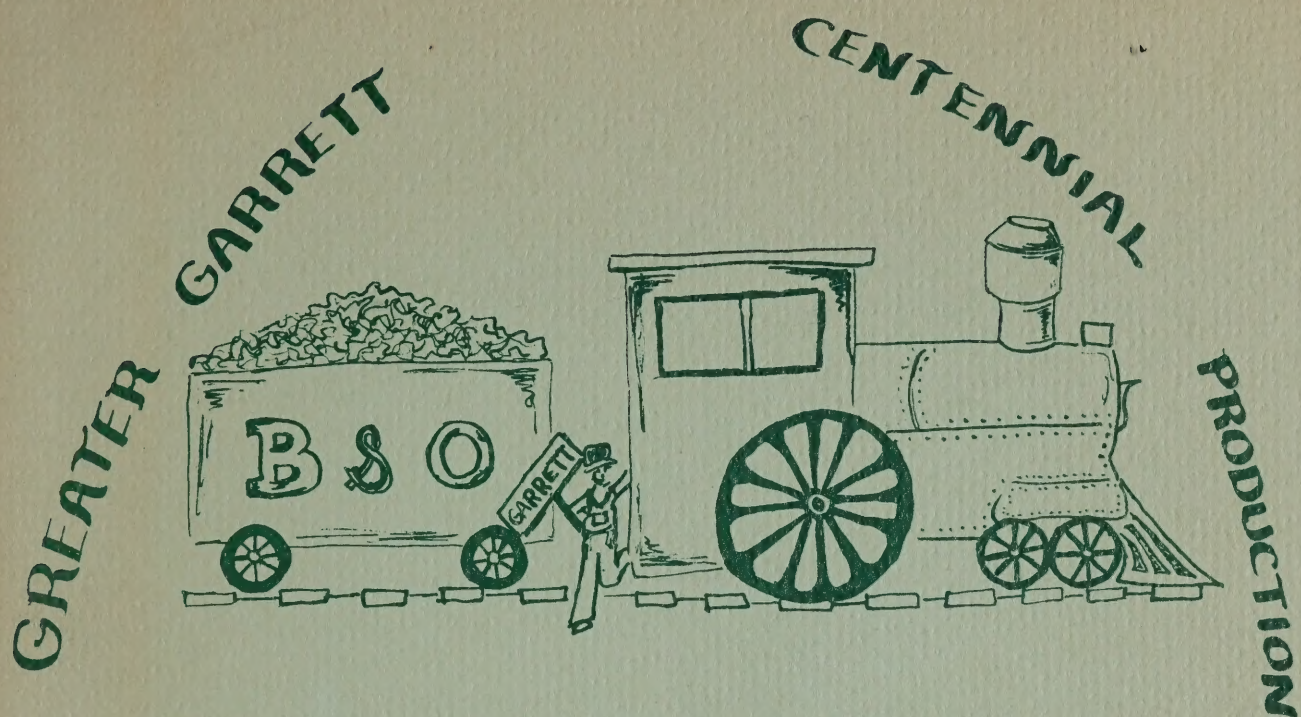




DEKALB  
GARRETT  
POEMS  
1875-1975  
B12







1875-----1975

Home Made

Poems

by

Helen Wade





HOME MADE POEMS

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Helen Wade

A GREATER GARRETT CENTENNIAL

PRODUCTION

1875 - - - - - 1975

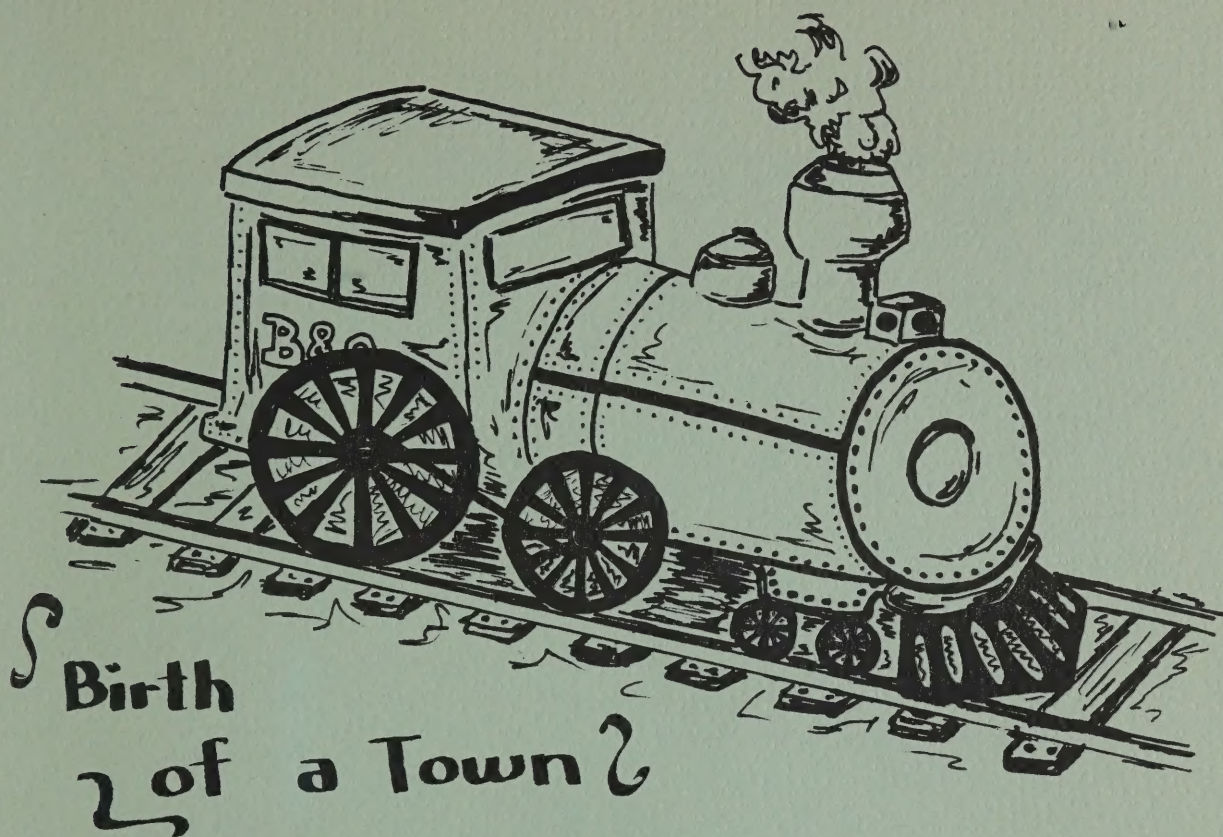
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About one hundred years ago,  
When this country yet was new,  
A little train pulled up and stopped,  
Unloading yet its crew.


This place was full of swamps and trees,  
And had no real appeal,  
The rail-road offered us this land,  
And so we made a deal.

And from this very tiny seed  
Now who would ever know,  
That rising up from swamp land,  
They'd see the mighty Garrett grow.

The railroad now is growing old,  
It's weighted down with woe,  
But Garrett town will just live on  
It still has room to grow.

Tradition high, within our hearts,  
Will keep us always true,  
To memories of that rail road town,  
That many years ago was new.





# Springtime

Though weather yet may not be fair,  
The smell of spring is in the air.  
The wind may whistle up a gale,  
Or whisper softly, thin and frail.

The skies take on a different hue.  
They've changed the color of their blue.  
The romping clouds play hide and seek,  
And make the sun just wink and peep.

There comes with evening, yet a chill,  
Although the air grows calm and still.  
The moon throws out a rosy glow,  
Upon this world down here below.

Out beyond some old dead logs,  
We hear the groaning of the frogs.  
The crickets soon begin to croak,  
As night spreads out her darkened cloak.

If everyone could only see,  
The simple beauty of a tree,  
As from its limbs, so dull and gray,  
It clothes itself in fine array.

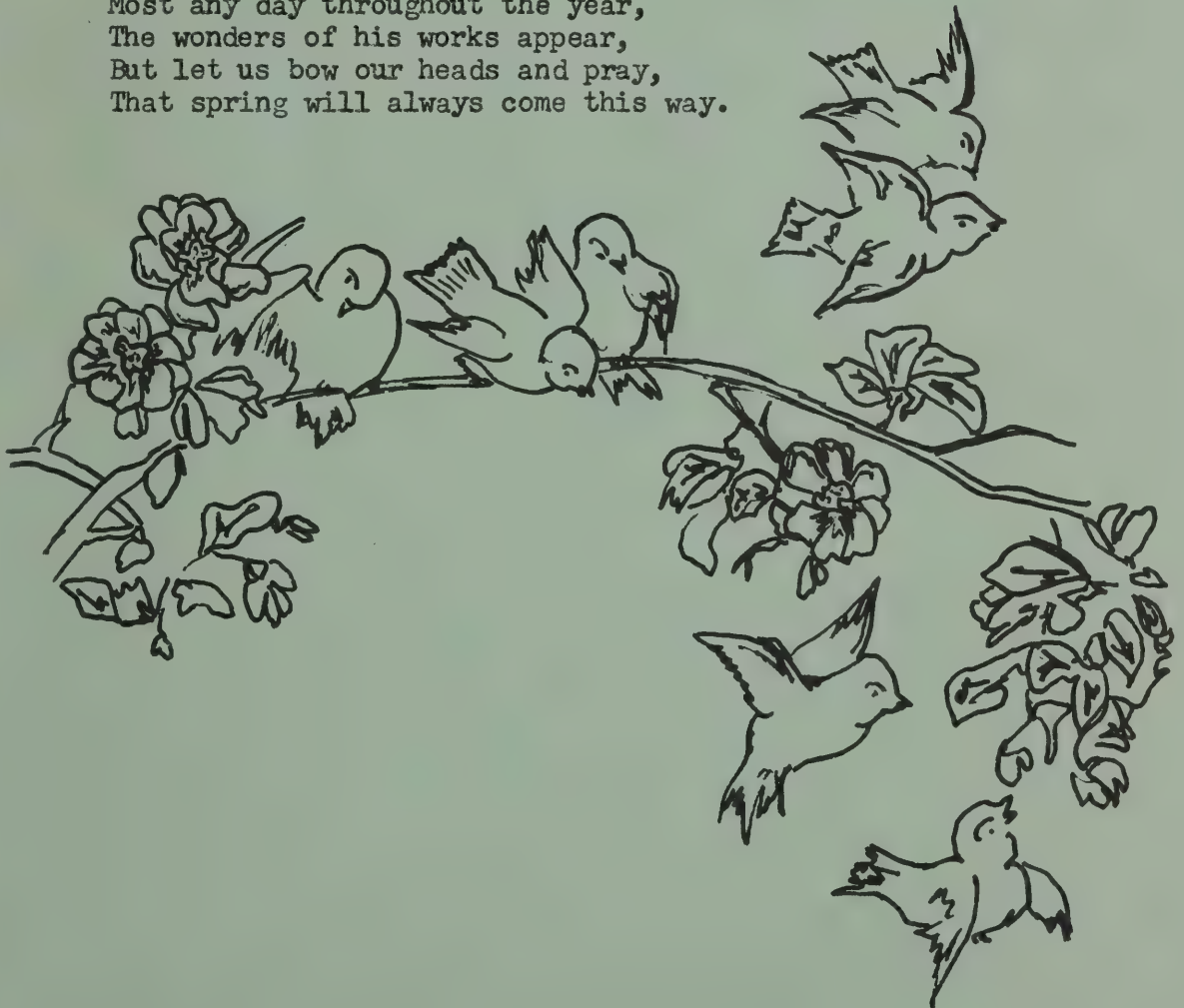


The countryside that yesterday,  
Was just some mud and yellow clay,  
Today a wand has changed that scene,  
Into a carpet thick and green.

The birds sing out their loudest now.  
Man turns the earth with shiny plow.  
Young lovers wander hand in hand,  
Amidst the beauties of the land.

We can see the works of God,  
As in the sky he waves his rod,  
And from his place way up above,  
He spreads on earth his gifts of love.

Most any day throughout the year,  
The wonders of his works appear,  
But let us bow our heads and pray,  
That spring will always come this way.



# OLD MAN'S

# LUXURY

He steps outside at dawns breaking,  
And takes a scan at the weather.  
If the sky and the wind are alright,  
Then he gathers his gear together.

And away he goes on his spree,  
Long before roosters are crowing.  
His heart beats a little bit faster,  
His eagerness now begins showing.

He arrives at his choice destination,  
At the spot he has picked for the day,  
Just as the steam starts rising,  
From ripples out on the bay.

He stands for awhile on the shore,  
And marvels the beauty that's his.  
Early sun reflections on water,  
And his world as it really is.

He thoughtfully ponders awhile,  
And decides where the fish are today.  
He carefully chooses a boat,  
And paddles out on the bay.

He wanders around for a bit,  
Just studying every detail.  
He has set up his very own standards,  
And his methods never fail.

Other fishermen watch him with envy,  
As he steadily reels them in,  
And when he has caught his limit,  
He waves to them with a grin.

He tries to give them his secrets,  
But they're something he can't give away.  
It's a natural kind of an instinct,  
That's locked inside him to stay.

Could be the fading eyes,  
That scan the sea while he waits.  
Could be the gnarled hands,  
That tenderly touch the bait.





You'll find him most any day,  
Enjoying his supremacy,  
With cap pulled down and pants rolled up,  
As he personally challenges the sea.

You could travel this wide world over,  
And hunt, but you'd never find,  
The knowledge and know-how of fishing,  
That's crammed in that aged mind.

When the old man leaves this world,  
He'll take his one luxury.  
He never could share it with anyone.  
He'll keep his own legacy.

Up there where he will be going,  
He'll be happy as he can be,  
If he can rise before dawn every morning,  
And answer the call of the sea.



# Our Hour Glass

Life is but a grain of sand,  
Upon some distant shore.  
The ocean, but the ruling hand,  
Reaching out for more.

Tiny ripples mold the beach,  
As we're cradled in the crest.  
We drop so low, then new  
heights reach,  
With little time to rest.

Ceaselessly we're churned  
about,  
Touching many hands,  
Seeking out some other route,  
To mix with other sands.

There's just today for you and  
me,  
And when our time is through,  
The ocean sweeps us out to sea.  
We slowly drop from view.

Holding out a friendly hand,  
The ocean, with a mighty roar,  
New tiny grains of shiny sand,  
Will drop again upon that  
shore.





# Lonesome Charley

I have a little playmate,  
That no one else can see.  
His name is Lonesome Charley,  
And he plays with only me.

I found him in the bathtub,  
About two years ago.  
He just appeared from no-  
where,  
And now I love him so.

I hunt him when I'm sleepy,  
He's always somewhere round.  
But when I play with friends,  
He never can be found.

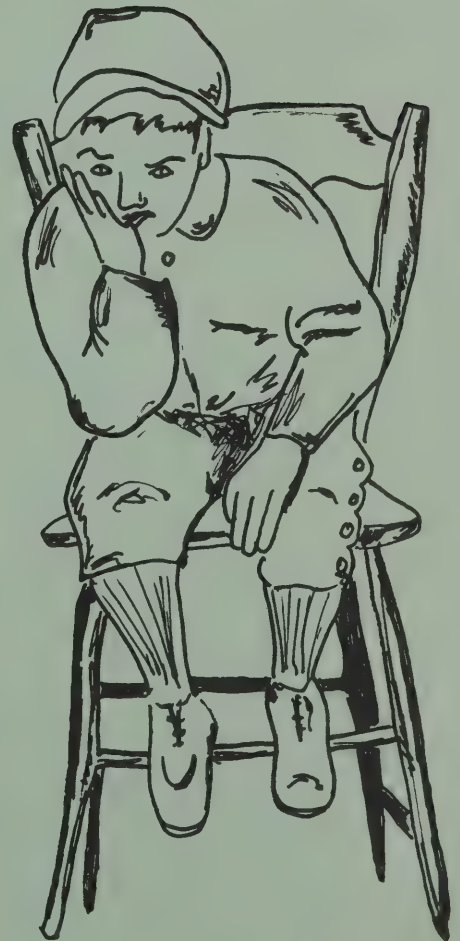
When I'm hurt, he's hurt,  
But I never heard him cry,  
I always share with Lonesome,  
My candy or my pie.

When I'm being punished,  
Lonesome Charley's always  
there.  
He sits right up beside me,  
When I'm sitting on a chair.

He's got no time for big folks,  
And they pass him right by.  
I think I need him most,  
When I feel the need to cry.

Weeks pass by sometimes,  
When Lonesome's gone away.  
But the instant that I need him,  
He comes right back to stay.

Next year I'm going to school.  
You see, I'm now past four.  
My Lonesome then will leave  
me,  
I won't need him anymore.



# Dawn's Promise

I've been searching behind the  
dawn,  
For things that belong to me.  
Like the sparkling dew on the  
lawn  
And the colors that blend with  
the sea.

Just as the darkness is leaving,  
And the sky begins to grow  
light,  
I thank Him for gifts I'm  
receiving,  
As I toss a kiss to the night.

Each morning a new world  
appears  
The night has cleared the  
debris.  
It has vanquished all of my  
fears,  
With a promise of things yet to  
be.

There are moments between  
dawn and darkness,  
When time seems to stand still.  
When the earth is a package of  
goodness,  
Tied with a bow of good will.

Slowly a ball of pure gold  
Arises above the trees.  
It's a glorious sight to behold,  
As it winks at the summer  
breeze.

My heart is filled with elation  
As I turn and walk away,  
I've been able to see the  
creation,  
Of another beautiful day.





# Jill

The sweetest girl in the world to  
me,  
Is a tiny one called Jill.  
She has elfish beauty beyond  
her share  
And yet she's a bit of a pill.

Her hair is as light as the  
sunshine,  
Her eyes are as blue as the sea.  
Little ringlets curl around her  
head.  
She's as cute as she can be.



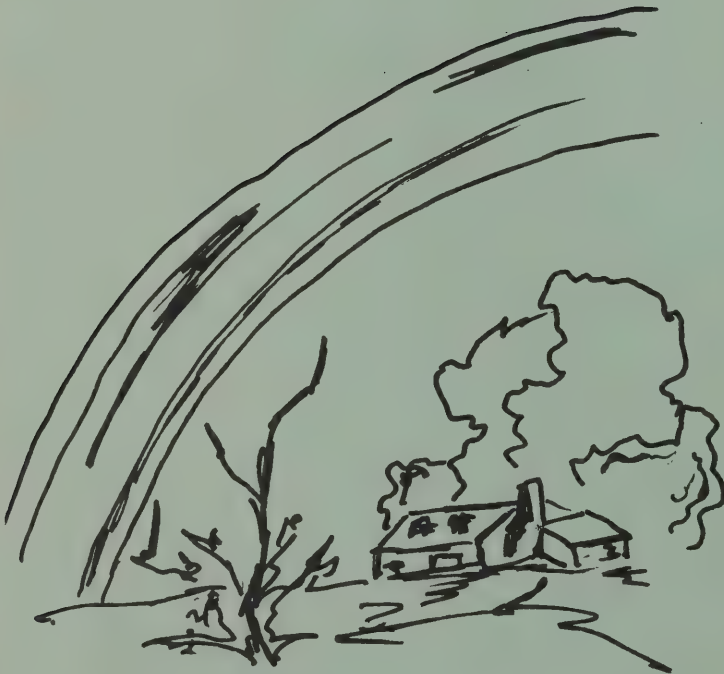
The endurance she has could  
conquer the world,  
And with miles she runs each  
day,  
The distance from her house to  
my house,  
Isn't too far away.

The moments with her are like  
drops of rain,  
So quickly they pass away.  
This bit of fluff that I love so  
much,  
Will change from day to day.

Too soon she'll be a grown-up,  
She'll always have her charm,  
But I'll treasure forever these  
few days,  
While she's tiny, sweet and  
warm.

Grandma

# Inner Stress



When winds grow cold and I  
feel so low,  
That's when I hunt for my own  
rainbow.  
There's a conflict inside me, a  
desperate need,  
For something on which my  
soul can feed.  
With splashes of color so smooth  
and so bright,  
Ignoring my problems it makes  
everything right.  
When the rains have ceased and  
the soft winds blow,  
That's when I hunt for my own  
rainbow.

I sink to the depths of a bottom-  
less well.  
I try to unlose from this pitiful  
spell.  
The rivers seem deep and the  
lakes so wide,  
A turbulent uprising besets me  
inside.  
I feel ever the need for a new  
breath of life,  
Away from all cares of this  
world's constant strife.  
So whatever I do and wherever  
I go,  
I'll constantly hunt for my own  
rainbow.



High waves engulf me then,  
slowly subside  
There's no place to go, no where  
to hide,  
Tis a constant battle of man  
over mind,  
As I furtively seek for things I  
can't find.  
I surround myself with a solid  
wall,  
And I cannot distinguish the  
great from the small.  
A spin of the wheel, my destiny  
should show  
But all I can see is my own  
rainbow.

I cannot heal these warps in my  
brain,  
They've developed into nur-  
turing things of disdain.  
The grooves are burned deep  
and too gruesome for me.  
The hopes of the future are too  
far off to see.  
Why do I sit here and pine all  
alone?  
Don't leave me now and let me  
sit here and moan.  
As I look up at the sky from my  
own window,  
And desperately wait for my own  
rainbow.

Unrest rules the world with an  
iron hand,  
The black of the muck has  
mixed with white sand.  
A new star is born, it falls into  
place,  
As challenging nations strive to  
rule space.  
Around goes the world and I'm  
hanging on,  
Once I let go, this world then  
is gone,  
But out beyond space, I could  
look down below,



And there I would find, my own  
rainbow.

The aches of the world just  
cease to exist,  
In the sparkling dew of my  
rainbow's mist.  
The sun peeks out and looks  
down and smiles,  
Projecting out sparklers and  
ejecting its wiles,  
To coax up new life from under  
the ground.  
Soon new faith, new hope, new  
dreams will be found.  
Inside me now, fresh blood will  
fast flow,  
For now I have found my own  
rainbow.

Through life there's a need for a  
rainbow.  
It's depth we will never know,  
But the rapturous glory of its  
appeal  
And the bottomless colors it  
comes to reveal  
Leaves nothing in us to want  
or desire.  
It's all written there in colors  
of fire.  
All the wonders that God dares  
to bestow,  
He places there in my own  
rainbow.



# Something to think

# About!

Where does this long road end?  
Will it travel on and on?  
How high now is the sky?  
Will they find out when we're  
gone?

Is the ocean very deep?  
Will it go completely dry?  
Will men be fitted up with wings?  
And fly like birds up in the sky?  
Will wars kill off a part of us?  
Will the rest go by pollution?  
Will people ever get along?  
Will we find a peace solution?  
Will the yellow race pre-  
dominate?

Will China rule the world?  
Can churches manage to exist?  
Will Hell's gates be unfurled?  
Will the food supply diminish?  
Will many people starve?  
Will great stones be so filled with  
names,

Future has no place to carve?  
Will there be new things to strive  
for?

Will we lose our zeal to try?  
Will the human race grow  
stronger?

Will it sink and slowly die?  
Will love become a foreign thing?  
Will it be replaced by greed?  
Will the hybrid plant be larger?  
Will it grow from super seed?  
Will the seasons change their  
courses?

Will tornados fill the air?  
Will God stay up inside his  
heaven?

Will we forget that he is there?  
Can we stand much more  
inflation?

Will the dollars stretch that far?  
Wish this road could lead us  
back

To a good five-cent cigar?

# Day Dreaming

Way back when we were little  
boys,  
We had scarcely any toys.  
(Santa traveled light and didn't  
always stop)  
We usually made a lot of noise.  
Our days were filled with many  
joys.  
(Nature handed us our fun, we  
didn't have to shop.)

We hoed the garden once a week  
And waded in old Cedar Creek.  
(How that chilly water rippled  
cross our toes.)  
We had some color in each  
cheek,  
As nature's wonders we did  
seek.  
(The miles we covered every  
day, really no one knows.)

Our house was occupied with  
mice,  
Our chicken coop was full of  
lice.  
(A crawling greedy army of  
hungry parasites.)  
Our love filled home was very  
nice,  
Although we lacked the land-  
lord's price.  
(Papa always claimed he had  
early squatter's rights.)

Sometimes we'd take our two  
hound dogs,  
And sail away on some rolling  
logs.  
(It wasn't any fun unless they  
spun and threw us off.)  
Out on a hunt for big bull frogs.  
We'd come back home with  
soaking togs.  
(It proved a little costly if we  
got a nasty cough.)



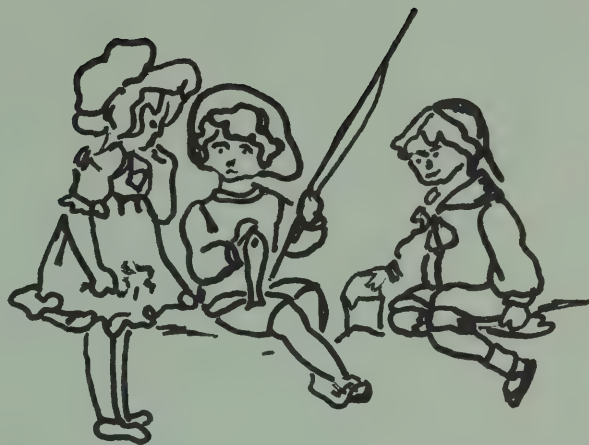


We'd sit out on the old porch  
swing,  
Waiting for the school bell's  
ring.  
(We weren't over eager though,  
remember we were boys.)  
We'd watch the birds as they  
took wing  
And listen to the crickets sing.  
(Crickets do not really sing, but  
make a lot of noise.)

I think we loved it most of all  
When winter snow began to fall.  
(That snow was much more  
deep and white than any  
snowfall now.)  
We'd build a fort with icy wall,  
And roll a great big snowy ball.  
(The war we fought with snow-  
balls always ended in a row.)

The nicest thing that I recall  
Was mamma's soft and gentle  
call.  
(At times she got a little tough,  
but mostly she was sweet.)  
She'd put her arms around us  
all,  
And tell us tales of giants tall.  
(The great big tales she told us  
kids were pretty hard to beat.)

And after all of us were fed,  
And every prayer had been  
said,  
(Our minds were completely  
free of greed and drugs  
and hate.)  
She'd tuck us all right into bed,  
And pat each gently on the  
head.  
(Politics had never heard of  
tapes and Watergate.)



# Books



Very little time it takes, just to  
read a book.

I can read it in a classroom, or  
in a cozy nook.

It's a taste of clear exotic wine,  
It's free, it's wonderful, it's  
mine.

A chance to sail a million seas,  
or walk among the flowers.

A time to live above the clouds,  
a time to dream for hours.

I can be a free man in my land.  
I can carry my own future in my  
hand.

No one can take the thoughts,  
that are stored up in my mind.  
And every day comes something  
new, I can file so I can  
find.

I can build from things I read,  
I can follow, I can lead.

There's no end to education that  
is taught within a school,  
Too soon I quit, too late I learn  
I've been a fool.

Inside me burns yet a desire,  
Of learning, I will never tire.  
A good book packs the wisdom  
of the ages.

It's knowledge I can learn as I  
turn its browning pages.

The old stay young by reading,  
The young grow up by heeding.  
It puts the world that's round  
us, just inside our door.



It equalizes partial balance  
between rich and poor.  
Evaluates our expectations,  
Illuminates our destinations.  
The universe was never made  
for those who do not care  
Great authors give us of them-  
selves for everyone to share.  
Receiving thus, our equal  
chance,

We should but steadily advance.  
If minds are filled so full of  
good, there's no room for the  
bad.

We're able to accept what comes,  
no matter sweet or sad.  
Let us never fail to seek,  
Lest we let our minds grow  
weak.

Time isn't just a wastin' while  
you're curled up in that nook,  
Cause very little time it takes,  
just to read a book.

# Wishful Dreaming all in Vain

Getting lazy, got no pep,  
Went to school--only slept.  
Saw a robin in a tree,  
Dear old school, please set me  
free.

Let me wander out of doors,  
Rid me of all daily chores!

Let me hear some friendly  
words,  
But let them come from throats  
of birds.

Got to get a breath of air.  
Never get it in this chair.  
Now I know why lions rage,  
At being kept inside a cage.

Today I saw a meadow lark,  
Saw children playing in the  
park.

A crocus peeked above the  
ground,  
Heard far off baying of a hound,  
Felt the warmth of falling rain,  
Wishful dreaming, all in vain.





# A Boy's Battle

Forever seeking things to do,  
Trying anything that's new,  
Yearning for a peaceful world,  
Carrying banners yet unfurled.

One day studying today's text  
Army facing him the next.  
He must grow up so very fast,  
Before his childhood days are  
past.

He grasps for anything in sight.  
Too many things are not just  
right,  
But who are we to say he wrongs.  
He feels there's no place he  
belongs.

Worldly adults have the say,  
He's the one that has to pay.  
He's not allowed to write his  
page  
You see he still is underage.

We as grown-ups should con-  
done,  
The boy who's fighting all alone,  
To build himself into a man,  
A little faster than he can.

He's nothing but himself to give  
But first he'd like a chance to  
live  
A little while to catch his  
breath,  
Before he bravely faces death.



# Our Class

As we clear out our lockers,  
preparing to leave,  
It's a wee bit bewildering and  
hard to perceive,  
That twelve years have passed  
since we joined this group,  
This big happy family, the  
"75" troupe.



We've done well in sports, not  
exceeding great,  
But we're not ashamed of the  
trophies we rate.  
Academically speaking, we're  
normal, we guess,  
Some of us could not have  
squeezed through with less.

Great things have happened in  
this twelve year span,  
The topmost of these were  
accomplished by man.  
Nature, too, wrought some  
devastating things,  
And there's been some changes  
in the reigns of the kings.



But the thing that we think  
most about now,  
Is how we can gracefully take  
that last bow,  
That breaks these close ties  
that we've had through the  
years,  
The happiness, sadness, the  
glory, the tears.

The endless routine of the  
classes and games,  
The closeness of teachers, the  
constant complaints,  
Give a lonesome-like feeling  
when we walk out the door  
And know, that as pupils, we'll  
come here no more.

We'll keep utmost in mind that  
by this graduation,  
We have no guarantee of a full  
education.  
And with hearts quite deter-  
mined and aims set up high,  
We pass through these portals  
with a bit of a sigh.

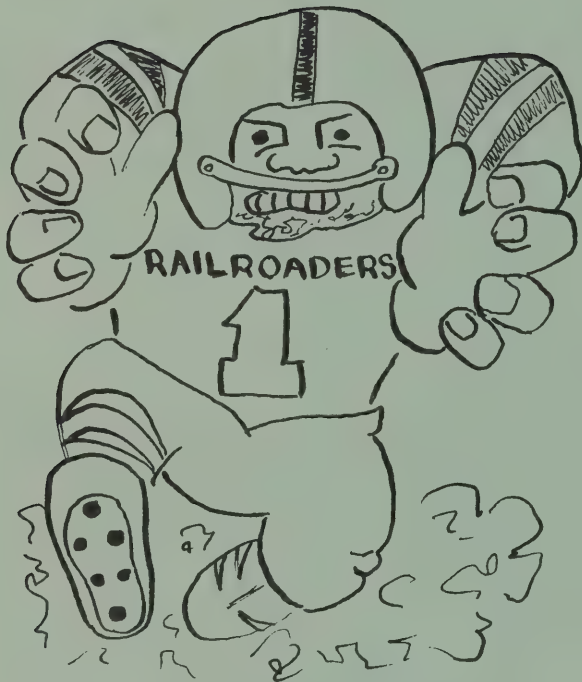
The book of the future has  
pages to fill,  
We have paper and pen--all we  
need is the will.  
We wonder what mysteries will  
come alive,  
For this wonderful  
Class of "75".

# Ladies Like Football

Two ladies enter at the gate,  
The same two who are always  
late.

They push up to the highest  
seat,  
Which truly is a daring feat.

Although the game is under-  
way,  
I heard one of these ladies say,  
"Who is that man way over  
there,  
The one who hasn't any hair?"



Our team has pushed up to the  
30  
Every uniform is dirty,  
It's rained most all the day you  
see,  
The mud is thick as it can be.

One lady says unto the other  
"I'd be ashamed to be a mother  
Of any boy out on that field;  
Till now such filth has been  
concealed."

The quarterback fades back to  
pass,  
They swarm down on him in a  
mass.  
He disappears beneath the pile-  
In real for-sure football style.

These same two ladies now are  
mad.  
"Just you look at that poor lad.  
He never stole that ball, I know.  
Why did they ever treat him  
so?"

Now someone pulled a clipping  
foul,  
And while the crowd lets out a  
howl,  
The referee waved some signs,  
And moved the ball back three  
lines.

The ladies dropped their jaws  
in horror,  
"Whatever worse could come  
tomorrow.  
Those men are talking with  
their hands,  
They must be deaf and dumb,  
Good lands!

While out upon the field again  
Out in front is one lone man.  
After shaking himself free,  
He sprinted on for a T.D.

The ladies whoop it up with  
glee,  
"I knew a home run we would  
see!  
That long row has all fouled out,  
We should win now without  
doubt!"

I never saw such funny hats,  
And never once they used their  
bats,  
In a way I'm kinda glad,  
They might have gotten hurt  
real bad.

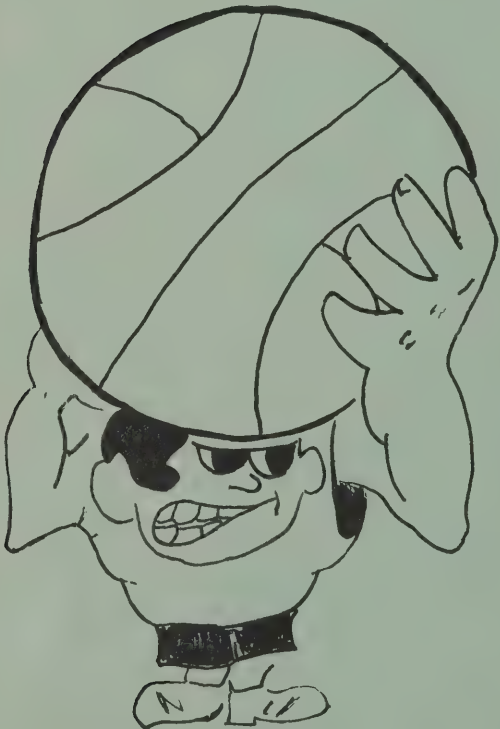
And then I heard this last retort  
"Football is my favorite sport!  
It sure would be an awful  
shame,  
Not to understand this game."



# What's Basket ball?

I keep my eye on every sport,  
But there's one played upon a court,  
That makes my eyes bug in and out,  
Don't quite know what it's about,  
But gee, the way the heads wig-wag,  
Must be a hepped up game of tag.  
The teams don't seem to give much care,  
Cause they play this game in their underwear.

There's two guys with stripes around,  
Who never utter a normal sound.  
Each blows a whistle hung round his neck.  
Then every player hits the deck.  
Two straight lines these teams they form.  
While the crowd builds up an awful storm.  
One guy takes the great big ball,  
And throws it through a hoop, that's all.



At the half I leave my seat,  
To get a candy bar to eat.  
Just then the band begins to play,  
So I decide I'd better stay,  
And see if I had figured right--  
That the guy in red caught the guy in white.  
Then the chase begins again,  
Heard some one say "it's man to man."

Some are smaller seems to me,  
Than grown-up men ought to be.  
They'll run and bounce that ball like crazy,  
Not one kid out there is lazy.  
The fans stand up, then they sit down.  
First they laugh and then they frown.  
As that noise gets loud and shrill,  
I'm telling you it's quite a thrill.

I'm not real sure who won or lost,  
But I know how much my ticket cost.



# Lazy Daze

End of school.  
Open pool,  
Evening breezes soft and warm.  
Robins singing,  
Children swinging,  
Honey bees begin to swarm.

Croaking frogs,  
Barking dogs,  
Couples walking in the park.  
Fire flies,  
Happy sighs,  
Lightning flashes in the dark.

Morning dews,  
Muddy shoes,  
Flowers springing from the ground.  
Rolled up curls,  
Pretty girls,  
Mosquitos buzzing all around.

Fishing poles,  
Swimming holes,  
Smoke from an outside barbeque.  
Green tricycles,  
Red bicycles,  
Moving clouds up in the blue.

Pet peeves,  
Falling leaves,  
The world all beautiful to see.  
A work of art,  
To swell the heart,  
That's what summer is to me.



## Tourney Madness

We're off on another mad wild spree,  
The fans, the pep squad, the team and me.  
I'm glad this time comes but just once a year,  
These feelings of winning of loss and of fear.

The pep squad has dressed in their white and blue,  
And a large group of boys have joined with them too.  
They roar out with yells and their faces turn red,  
But they're stunned into silence sometimes instead.

The team plays on, their hearts set to win,  
While the roar of the fans makes a maddening din.  
They can't afford errors, but they're taut as can be.  
And their tenseness is mirrored for all to see.

We know they are playing the best that they can,  
When they change their zone defense and play man to man,  
And fight for the rebounds and open up slots,  
And always keep working for the very best shots.



Now this game is over, the Railroaders won,  
They stuffed in a shot just ahead of the gun.  
They've played very hard for the fans and themselves.  
They're never quite ready to put suits on the shelves.

Home we all go now, to bed and to sleep,  
There's more games to win, more glories to reap.  
We've another tomorrow and we mustn't be late,  
You see it's a long way from here to the state.

There's really no reason, if we try very hard,  
Why we can't get out of our own back yard,  
And if wishes were wins, then write these words down  
Garrett just won the State Basketball Crown.

Good luck to you boys, we love you all,  
If you win, we win, if you fall, we fall.  
But the most important thing to each fan,  
Is that each of you play just the best that he can.

When you've played your last game and we have you back,  
We'll dig out your shorts and watch you at track.  
But next year at tourney time, there we'll all be,  
The fans, the pep squad, the team and me.

# Track Time

Track time is here now,  
I hear people say,  
A sport where they jump  
And they run and they play.  
They have a round road,  
That they call a track.  
It's covered with pieces,  
Of charcoal, that's black.

Like the postman who comes  
Through snow, sleet and rain,  
These boys go all out  
To run and to train.  
They don't wear any coats,  
But run in their rompers,  
And they have big spikes,  
In the soles of their stompers.

You should see these guys run,  
Around this big track,  
But who wouldn't run,  
With a gun at his back?  
I know they're not,  
Just running for fun,  
Cause a teacher it is,  
Who's shooting the gun.

For the guys who run fast,  
They set up wood horses.  
I guess they're just hazards,  
To show up the courses.  
Sometimes they get tired,  
So they hand off a slat,  
And the guy who receives it,  
Takes off like a bat.

And out to one side  
A guy with a pole,  
Jumps over a bar,  
And lights in a hole.  
In slow motion now,  
A boy spins around,  
And throws a small ball,  
Down on the ground.

Oh, it's quite a game,  
This sport they call track.  
I know that you'll like it  
And want to come back.  
Just take time to see it,  
It's really a riot.  
But if you're not strong,  
I'd advise not to try it.





# The Huckster



Remember the Huckster  
wagon,  
That used to come our way.  
Sometimes it came in the  
morning,  
Sometimes late in the day.

It came each Tuesday and  
Thursday.  
We kids would watch by the  
hour.  
Then mamma would trade him  
her eggs,  
For sugar, spices and flour.

He would show her the wares in  
the wagon,  
And give her the news of the  
day.  
He would count out the change  
in her hand,  
And prepare to be on his way.

But sometimes there'd be  
pennies left over,  
And mamma would look back  
and smile,  
And we'd know that we could  
have candy,  
We'd been waiting for quite a  
long while.

If mamma's change came out  
even,  
And she had a look of defeat,  
Then the Huckster man would  
come through,  
And give we children a treat.

Always on Tuesdays and  
Thursdays,  
We managed to be hanging  
round,  
For the Huckster and the  
Huckster's wagon,  
And the personal treasures we'd  
found.

# Thanksgiving



Pumpkins piled out in the shed,  
The heavenly smell of home  
made bread.

The turkey roasting, nice and  
brown,  
Relatives in from all around.

A snow flake falling now and  
then,  
A day of hunting for the men.  
The kids enjoying games and  
books,  
The kitchen space reserved for  
cooks.

A table heaped with loads of  
food,  
The fireplace filled with glow-  
ing wood.  
All thoughts of war just seem to  
cease,  
There comes within us restful  
peace.

God must smile up there above,  
As we down here can feel His  
love.  
He likes the way we spend this  
day,  
For once we're doing things His  
way.

Give thanks for past things He  
has done,  
For things that are still yet to  
come,  
This land of ours is really great,  
And tomorrow might be just too  
late.

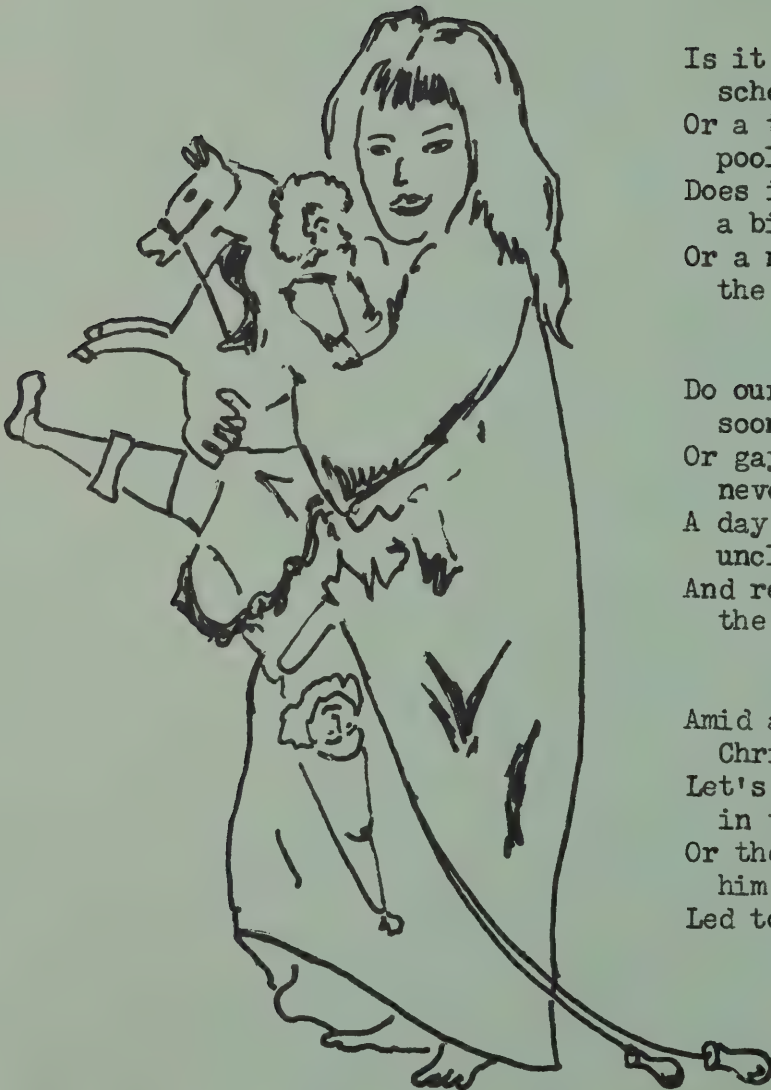
# Cheerio

What does Christmas mean to  
you and to me?  
Is it just some tinsel and a big  
Christmas tree?  
Is it a big package tied with a  
bow?  
Or connected somehow with  
feathery snow?

Is it simply a nice vacation from  
school?  
Or a time to skate on a frozen  
pool?  
Does it mean fancy cookies and  
a big mince pie?  
Or a number of reindeer up in  
the sky?

Do our thoughts turn to gifts we  
soon will get?  
Or gay Yuletide parties we'll  
never forget?  
A day when our aunts and our  
uncles and cousins,  
And relatives gather round by  
the dozens?

Amid all the joys of this  
Christmas day,  
Let's not forget the small babe  
in the hay.  
Or the wise men who came to  
him from afar,  
Led to his side by a shining star.





If we take the time to glimpse to  
one side,  
There's someone with whom we  
can divide.  
A bit of our joy, our gifts, and  
our love,  
For these things were given to  
us from above.

Somehow we find that by giving  
cheer,  
We have plenty left over to last  
through the year.  
And the feeling inside us is very  
good,  
For we know we've spent  
Christmas quite as we should.

# Why?

What makes the ships that go to  
    sea,  
Slowly drop from view?  
How can the lakes be full of fish  
When I can catch so few?

If an owl just loafs and sleeps  
    all day,  
How can he be so wise?  
What makes the eyes overflow  
    with tears,  
Whenever someone cries?

How can you have one lazy  
    uncle,  
And a million busy ants?  
Why do mens suits have a single  
    coat,  
But always a pair of pants?

Whatever happens to my fist,  
When I open up my hand?  
What makes my lap just  
    disappear,  
When suddenly I stand?

If eleven men make a football  
    team,  
Then what's a team of mules?  
Is it true that no one tells the  
    truth,  
Except just kids and fools?

Why do little ones at night  
Say "Now I lay me down to  
    sleep?"  
While the a-ged, to relax,  
Must count a thousand sheep?

What makes the rooster crow so  
loud,  
So early in the morn,  
Would this world have been a  
better place,  
Had Kruschew not been born?

Do fireflies have to flip a  
switch,  
To turn off the light?  
If it's sunshine in the daytime,  
Is it moonshine at night?

What makes the pretty twinkle,  
In all the little stars?  
Who is the one who sends us,  
Those little men from mars?

Why do boys who get black  
eyes,  
Always first see red?  
And man have more hair upon  
his face,  
Than he had upon his head?

Do Indians lose their feathers,  
When molting time comes  
round?  
Has the needle in the haystack,  
Ever yet been found?

This should give you food for  
thought,  
In fact, a balanced meal.  
But life's not made of fiction  
things,  
Only facts are real.

So these are just some questions  
Where answers can't be found.  
They're meant to keep your  
mind afloat,  
When the rest of you has  
drowned.



# Hodd

When God passed out the sunshine  
In packages of joy,  
He gave us more than our share,  
In a tiny little boy.

"This little one will need much love,  
And give much love", said God.  
He handed us the tiny bundle,  
That's how we got our Hodd.

Seemed hardly anytime at all  
Until he'd learned to walk,  
Before he'd reached the one year mark  
He'd also learned to talk.

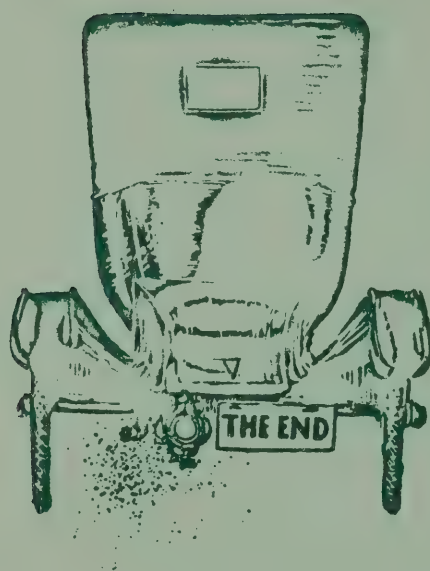


In the evening when daddy came home,  
Then he'd go a little bit wild,  
And become a great big tiger,  
Instead of just a mere child.

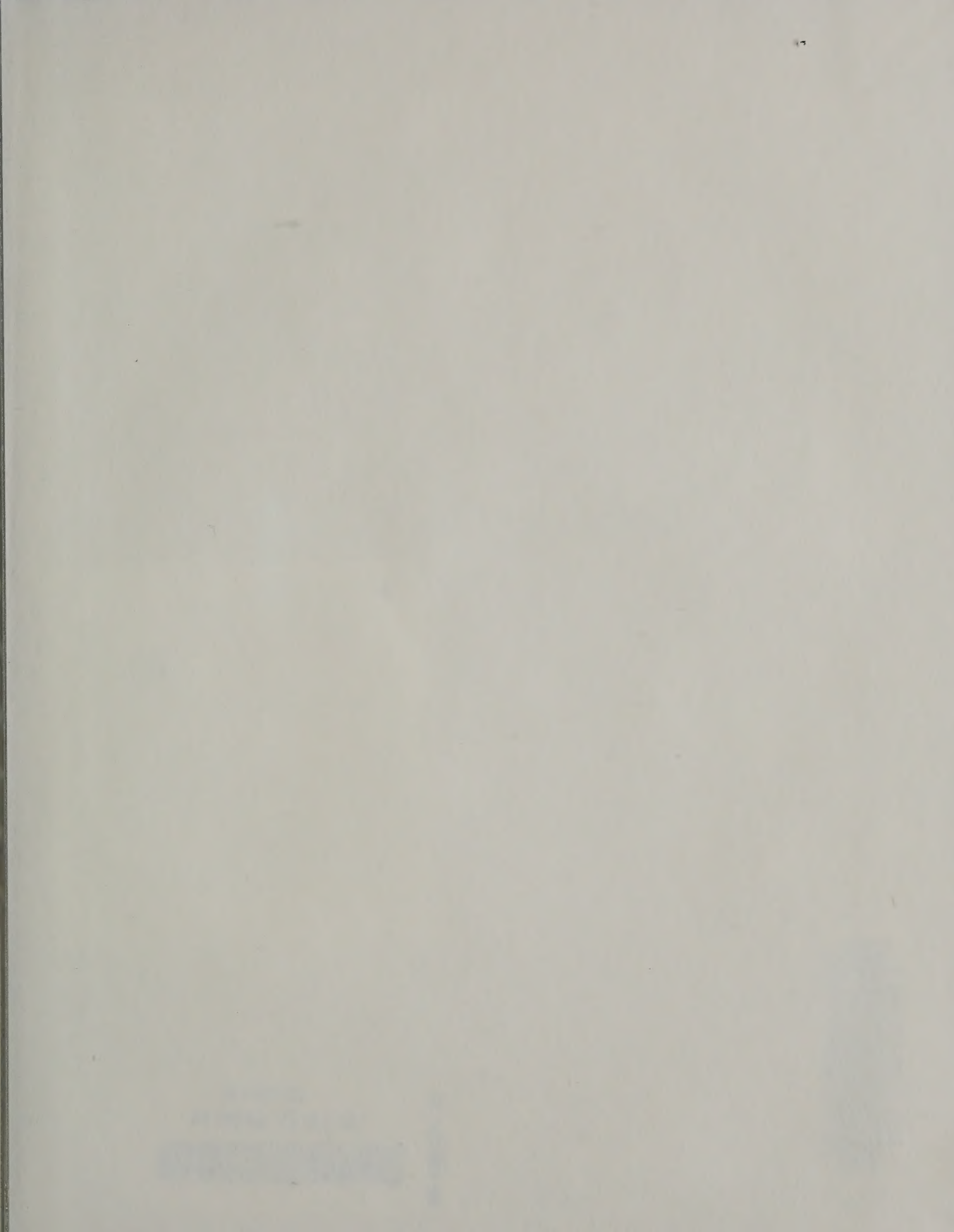
Like a white tornado,  
He'd streak through the house  
But when he got into trouble,  
He'd be still as a mouse.

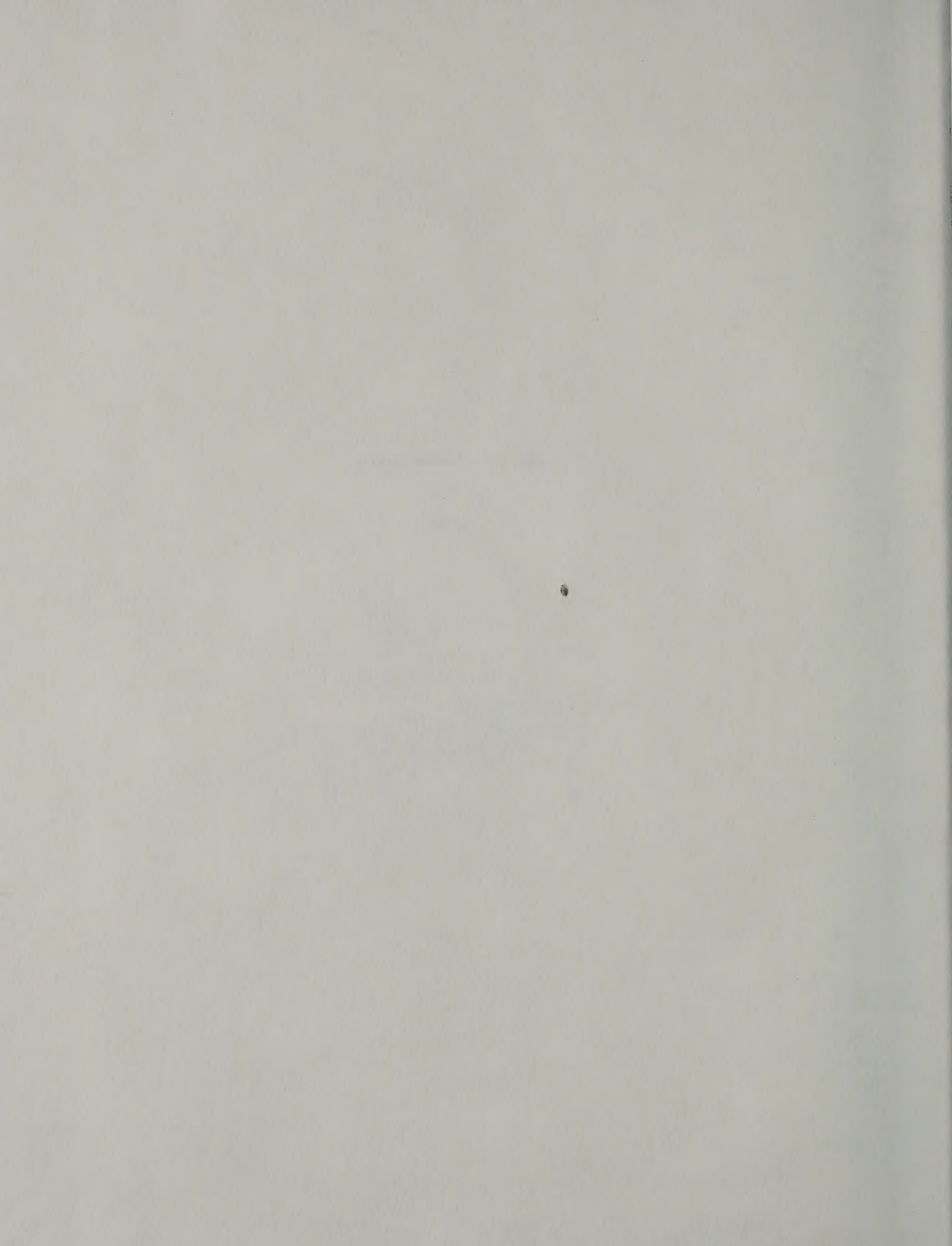
Today we brought a tiny bundle  
Into our house once again,  
And now we know our little boy,  
Will fast become a little man.





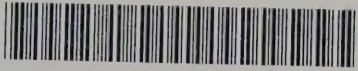








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